

shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir sapiens qui pauca loquitur*, a soule Feminine salureth vs.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iagu. God giue you good morrow *M. Person.*

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should be perst, Which is the one?

Cl. Marry *M.* Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogthead.

Nath. Of persting a Hogthead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iagu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Costard*, and sent mee from *Don Armado*: I beseech you reade it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbrarumminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *venetia, venetia, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Old *Mantuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *ut re sol la misa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a stasse, a stanze, a verse, *Leges domine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Officers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and make his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend. All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire; Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweet fire. Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong, That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangener.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poeie caret: *O-midius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damofella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iagu. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript. To the snow-white hand of the most beautilous Lady *Rosaline*. I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladiships in all desired employment, *Berowne*.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and

goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me: Sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thine my girl. *Exit.* *Hol.* Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it, sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca verba*.

Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bro. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am courting my selfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pyrch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kills sheepe, it kills mee, I a sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue; if I do hang me: ysaith I will not. O but her eye; by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throat. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath caught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, sweeter Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside. The King entreats.

Kin. Ayme!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proccede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papin faith secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose, As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot. The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowers. Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright, Through the transparent bosome of the deepe, As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light: Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe, No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee: So ridest thou triumphing in my woe. Do but behold the teares that swell in me, And they thy glory through my griefe will show: But

But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe. O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell, No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell. How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper. Sweet leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longaule. The King steps aside.

What *Longaule*, and reading? listen eare.

Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in shame.

Ber. One drunkard louts another of the name.

Long. Am I the first y haue been periur'd to? (know,

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie, The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

Long. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue. O sweet *Maria*, Emprresse of my Loue,

These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hofe, Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall goe. *He reads the Sonnet.*

Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye, Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument, Perswade my heart to this false periurie?

Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment. A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,

Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee. My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me. Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.

Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine, Exhalest this vapor-vow, in thee it is:

If broken then, it is no fault of mine: If by me broke, what foole is not so wise,

To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?

Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity. A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.

God amend vs; God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Ber. All hid, all hid, an old infant play, Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,

And wretched foolcs secrets heedfully ore-eye. More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,

Dumaine transfor'm'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most diuine Kate.

Ber. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Ber. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber cored.

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauens was well noted.

Dum. As vpriight as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.

Dum. O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she Raignes in my blood, and will remembered be.

Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out
Dum. Once m
Ber. Once mor

Dumaine

On a day, al

Loue, whose

Spied a bloss

Playing in th

Through the

All vnscene,

That the Lo

Wish himselfe

Ayre (quoit

Ayre, would

But alacke m

Nere to pluck

Vow alacke f

Touth so apt

Do not call

That I am for

Thou for who

Iuno but an

And denie h

Turning mor

This will I send, and

That shall expresse

O would the King,

Were Louers too, i

Would from my fou

For none offend, wh

Long. Dumaine, th

That in Loues griefe

You may looke pale

To be ore-heard, an

Kin. Come sir, y

You chide at him, o

You doe not loue A

Did neuer Sonnet fo

Nor neuer lay his w

His louing bosome,

I haue beene closely

And mark you bor

I heard your guilty l

Saw sighes reeke fro

Aye me, sayes one!

On her haire were

You would for Para

And loue for your L

What will *Berowne*

Faith infringed, whi

How will he scorne?

How will he triumph

For all the wealth th

I would not haue hi

Ber. Now step I

Ah good my Liedge

Good heart, What

These wormes for lo

Your eyes doe make

There is no certaine

You'll not be periur

Tush, none but Min

But are you not asha